

THE MINIDOKA CHURCHMAN

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NUM, IDAHO

Sat. August 12, 1944

NIGHT PRAYER

In the darkness on my chilly knees
I loosen my perplexities,
And lift them up, for Thee to keep
Before I lay me down to sleep.

Thou certainly by seven ten
My troubles will be back again,
Yet somehow straightened out and even,
Because they spent the night in Heaven.

Mildred Whitney Stillman

THE COLLECT

Let thy merciful ears, O Lord, be open to the
prayers of thy humble servants; and, that they may
obtain their petitions, make them to ask such
things as shall please thee; through Jesus Christ
our Lord. Amen

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

EAST END
10-12

WEST END
32-12

8:00 A. M. Holy Eucharist
Fr/ Nakajo

8:30 A. M. Holy Eucharist
22-3-D Church Chapel
Fr. Shoji

9:30 A. M. Holy Eucharist
Fr. Shoji

10:30 A. M. Church School

10:30 A. M. Church School

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: The Church of the Holy Apostles gratefully acknowledges offerings by Pvt. Henry Kakohashi, Louise Hirahaka, Ann Furukawa of Pullman, the Sonokawa family and the Kawaguchi family. The Minidoka Churchman acknowledges a donation by the Sonokawa family.

RETURNS: Mr. C. Sullivan recently returned to the project from a trip to the East.

CONGRATULATIONS: Congratulations to Yutaka Onodera, he was confirmed Sunday, August 6th by the Rt. Rev. Charles Reifsnider.

DEPARTURES: The Rt. Rev. Charles Reifsnider, DD LHD. left together with the Rev. Joseph Kitagawa and Deaconess Peppers for Heart Mountain Relocation Center.

IN THE MAIL BAG-

Pfc. Frank M. Shigemura,.
Somewhere in Italy. . . .
My first ocean trip is over - my taste of life on the high seas a pleasant

memory. During the first few days I harbored strong doubts as to my seamanship because of my poor stomach was sensitive to every riding and falling motion of the ship. I made no contributions to the fishes, however. In spite of the strange tongue, I think I've gotten along fairly well. Employing halting Spanish and a mixture of foreign phrases (German and French) and also violent arm gestures, I've managed to express myself to my new neighbors. A few speak little English so it helps very much.

Pfc. Kenji Tani, Somewhere in Italy. . . . Everything is OK with me and I am taking all things with the greatest of spirit. Let us pray that peace will soon come so we may all be together again. Who would have thought a year ago that I'd be in this land of spaghetti, this boot in the Mediterranean. People on the whole are very friendly though you can't help but see the effects of the war on them. Am trying to learn their language but it's rather a slow process. Still it is quite an experience to strike up a conversation with the Italians and see how far we get.

Pfc. Roy Komachi, Somewhere in Italy. . . . I will say I've been seeing a lots of places which I never dreamt I would ever see. I had the good fortune to visit Rome. I have gradually become use to these hills around here. They are all right to sit and admire them but when it comes to climb them it is another story. The wheat hills around here remind me of Oregon.

Miss Margaret Hester. I feel homesick for Hunt though am enjoying seeing old friends in Evanston. The Fujimoto's are at Ann Arbor but will be back so will hope to see them. My greetings to the church people.

Hope Chashi, Hart House, Evergreen, Colorado. . . We arrived at Denver Saturday and were met by Mr. & Mrs. Hoo Hirabayashi - they gave us a snack at their home and we

cleaned up a bit then picked up our baggages and went to Miss Lamb's place. She took care of us from then on. The house is a dream. Sunday mornign she took us to see St. John's Cathedral - a huge gorgeous building about one block long. We then attended morning prayers at St. Marks. Never before have I enjoyed a service as much as I did that one. The organ was super! I think David Pow was playing - anyway, the way he plays chanrs, anyone could and would gladly take part in them. They seem to be alive and really mean something! One last word re St. Mark's - they have a Steinway & Sons up-right piano in their recreation room upstairs - when Dorothy and I saw it we lost all pride and sat down and played. Hart House is fact, Evergreen itself is ideal. Everyone is so nice. So far, all the musicians I've met are sober, down-to-earth people. The people here have the cutest accents! There's a woman from Boston who doesn't pronounce r's, a woman from arkansas who sounds like an Arkansas traveler - a girl from Wyoming with a western drawl, a woman from Louisiana with a New Orleans slur. I could listen to them all day and never get tired. Maybe my accent amuses them too.

Dorothy Tahara, Evergreen, Colorado. . . Just imagine I came here all in one piece and very much alive but very dirty. . . . After finishing dinner at the Blue Parrot, Miss Lamb took us for a tour around Denver. We saw the St. John's Church, the chapel and the parish hall. We saw the U. S. Mint, many of the hospitals, schools and etc. I was especially interested in all the beautiful parks - especially the City Park with its monuments, flower beds cleverly shaped into butterflies and the Band Concert. At about six in the evening Fr. Williams took us out here to Evergreen. Isn't this place just swell. The Bear Creek - just imagine put in the mountains where there are lots of trees, grass and water for several weeks. Everything is swell - all the people are so nice.

Missoula, Montana, Shig. Uchida. . . . I am doing fine both in school and in health as yet. I just thought I would drop a line so till again, goodbye.